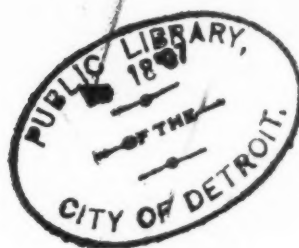


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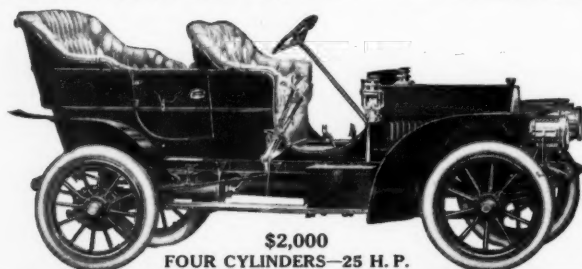
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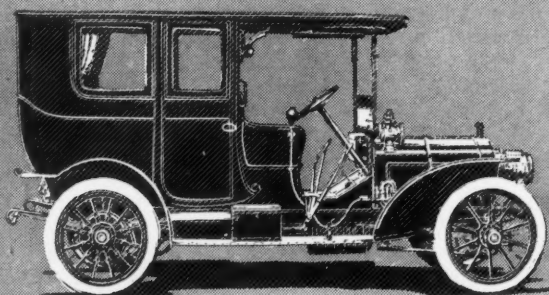
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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
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The Literary Zoo -

Three Weeks

"HAVE you read it?" "Have you read it?"

They hummed it in my ear.
And everybody said it
With a most suggestive leer.

So I bought it. Yes, I bought it,
And the meaning was so clear,
At the very start I caught it;
That's why I'm writing here.

Then I read it. Yes, I read it,
As my blushes have confessed,
And I'm proud of dear old England—
She had the book suppressed.

Ruth Moselle Mould.

Exit the Poetic Play

WE HAVE observed with a certain melancholy interest the rise and fall of the poetic play as illustrated in the admirable endeavors of Mr. Percy Mackaye, whose purpose and whose methods were set forth in this column some months ago. When "Jeanne D'Arc" was transferred from book to stage, without spelling ruin for its theatrical sponsors, we owned to that sense of elation which swells the literary breast—perchance the head—upon seeing literature patronized by the masses. It is true that Criticism and Dramatic Judgment, embodied in the person of Mr. A. Toxin Wurm, stood inexorable in the lobby, clearing confused minds who sought its counsel, with a few illuminating words: "Sothorn and Marlowe are doing this, my boy—not Mackaye."

* * *

AH, UNBELIEVING ears!—still unbelieving, whose fearful hollow, waked to poetry, and soothed by Sappho-Phaon for an hour, heard at the last the final curtain fall that shut Poseidon from the Broadway push, and smote Thalassa with a lingering blow (or, say "Thalatta"—either is correct);—whose fearful hollow, as we said before, harb'ring ironic echoes of that stern, inexorable *obit*, seems to hear: "Ka'ch, not Mackaye, you have done for this!"

* * *

BUT having unconsciously dropped into poetry, we shall essay to climb again into the more difficult vehicle of prose, in order to remark, without fear or misunderstanding, that "Sappho and Phaon," in the book, seems to us a distinguished achievement in literature—quite the best thing, indeed, that Mr. Mackaye has accomplished. Unfortunately, it is a truism that poetry does not pay; and it seems to us a tragedy no less poignant than



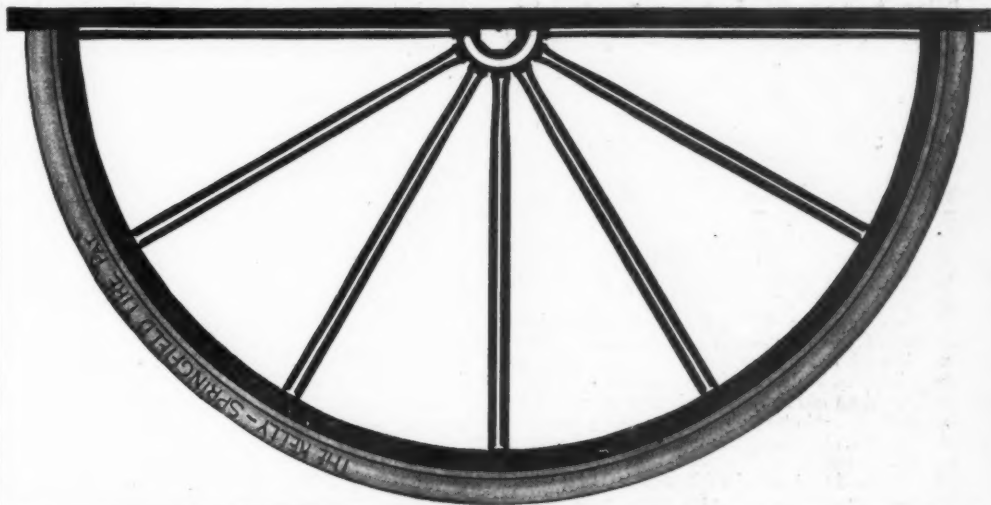
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"Sappho and Phaon" that a writer of Mr. Mackaye's rare gifts—living in the unliterary atmosphere of Cornish, yet steadfast in the pursuit of an ideal—should see a year's labor lost, largely through the incompetence of actors unschooled in the utterance of verse. For Mr. Mackaye, let it be understood, is not satisfied to write a book drama, and sees only failure in its failure as an acted play.

* * *

THE poetic play has, of late, given promise of a renaissance. Was that promise premature, and must it be, once more, confined to the closet? We have our own opinions, but it is not for us to usurp the functions of dramatic criticism, which has delivered its verdict somewhat copiously. The advantage of prose over verse as a medium of intellectual communication with the public is strikingly shown in the New York correspondence of the Washington Times, apropos of the subject in hand. We must content ourselves with a too brief excerpt:

We can believe nearly anything—even this poet's tale—of Sappho's capacity for passion.

But is it what we want? Is it what we are looking for? Does it satisfy? No. It is a beautiful picture. And it is archaic. The theatre of to-day can do more than that. Kalich can pulsate with more vital matters that will teach us about life and how to live. This is a fable that makes you feel, some way, that the whole mythical idea has whiskers on it.

A Burning Question

THE circulating library as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge has invited repressive measures from a modern Sir Anthony Absolute—Deacon John Hanlon, of the First Baptist Church, of Norwalk, Conn. Deacon John has been defeated, says a news report, in his endeavor to prohibit the Norwalk Public Library from purchasing novels for a period of one year, on the ground that trashy "literature" is perverting the minds of youth.

The good deacon has a better case than Sir Anthony, in the England of his day, could have presented from the evidence at hand. He seems, moreover, to have recognized that, as all American novelists, at least, are born free and equal, it would be unconstitutional to exercise a discriminating taste in the purchase of our chief literary product—a process of selective exclusion would never do.

* * *

THAT such reasoning is by no means purely academic, we can testify on the strength of our private information; it has come to us, from first-hand sources, that one of the foremost librarians of this country seriously questions his right to deny any book not actually vicious to the readers whose taxes go to support the library.

We were rather inclined to join hands



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with Deacon Hanlon in his sweeping suggestion—our own idea favoring a modified prohibition which would merely forbid the purchase of a novel by a library until one year after publication. But straightway our eye—the one that has not been strained through "keeping up" with current fiction—focused on the news that the Rev. Guy A. Jamieson, rector of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, in Tottenville, Staten Island, was calling back lambs to the fold by serial readings, from the pulpit, of his new novel.

* * *

WHO shall say the Reverend Guy has not found the way to win the backslider? We pause in our qualified championship of Deacon Hanlon until some arbiter of unquestioned authority shall deliver a judgment. We rise to put in nomination a man of parts—of foreign parts, 'tis true, yet one who is knit to us by the closest ties that bind the giver to the gift-taker; the strings of whose beneficence are heart-strings; a man of letters and of action whose name is carved in stone and brass at the portals of innumerable temples in this broad land of ours; whose locks are bound with olive and with bay. Readers—be you gentle or ruffian—need we name this man who has grappled us to his soul with hoops of steel? Can he, could he—would he, be other than the horn-bearer of plenty, the beggared millionaire—Mr. Andrew Carnegie!

Please omit cheers.

Topics for Women's Clubs

THE Pantry Plentiful.

Does Mr. Bok or Mr. Bernard Shaw do the most for our morals?

The Distich and the Dropstitch.

Is Ibsen immoral when you don't understand him?

Montaigne as the forerunner of Mr. Mabie.

Dish-washing as a Mental Discipline.

Why is Thomas Hardy so horrid?

Isn't Mr. Chesterton a dear?

Studies in Comparative Literature:

Trace the relations between Mrs. Eddy and Marcus Aurelius; between Aristophanes and George Ade; between Goethe and Lincoln; between Bernard Shaw and Bax.

Why Mr. Benson is perfectly sweet.

Why is Browning like the bass clef in a Henry James dialogue? (Answer to this conundrum supplied by Mr. James Huneker; or on application to our own Literary Bureau.)

Don't you think Sappho is misunderstood? Is it, perhaps, just as well?

Do you derive more profit from reading "A Doll's House" than from seeing Nazi-mova dance the tarantella?

W. T. L.

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For Hunting and Outing. All wool, seamless and elastic. Cut shows No. 4 price \$7—guaranteed best knit jacket made at any price. Suggest Oxford or Tan. If not at your dealer's, sent express paid; return if not satisfied. Other jackets, Coats, Vests, Sweaters and Cardigans, for men, women and children, all prices. Catalogue free. Geo. F. Webber, Mfg., Sta. F, Detroit, Mich.



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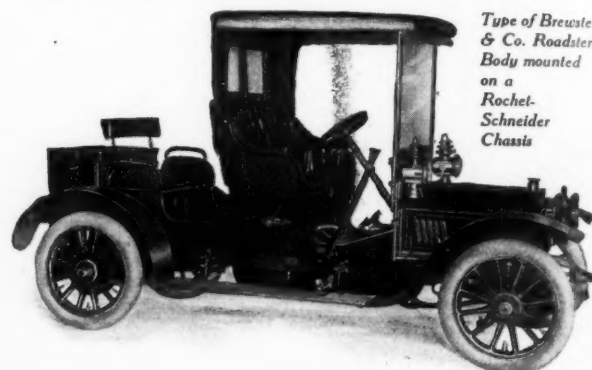
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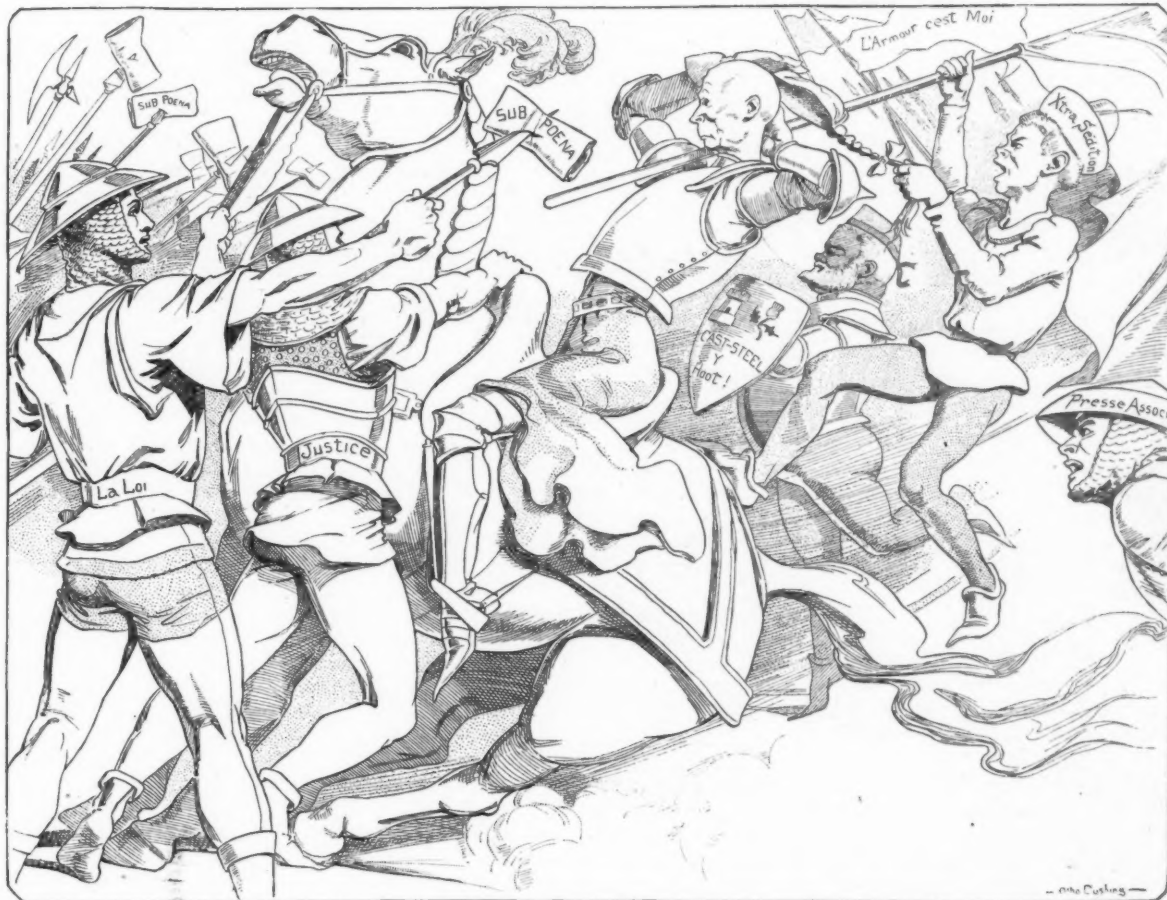
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LIFE



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LA FUSELLE IS FINALLY CAUGHT, AND ROUGHLY TREATED BY THE FOLLOWERS OF LAW AND THE COHORTS OF COMPETITION

Our (?) Country

NO MORE shall Jesus' name be heard,
Nor Christian anthems ring;
No more shall blessed Easter morn
Its sacred memories bring.

Go burn your churches, hide your creed,
Forget the Saviour's crown—
For this is Ikey Einstein's land
And Jakey Goldberg's town!

Depart, O happy childhood's dream
Of old Kriss Kringle's call,
Thrust out the magic Christmas tree,
Hang up the golden ball.

Farewell, O country, Christ and home,
Go pull Old Glory down—
It's Ikey Einstein's country now
And Jakey Goldberg's town.

B. R. N.

A Difference of Opinion

"WAS it a nice wedding?"

"Beautiful. Never saw handsomer one and everything went off without a hitch."

"Without a hitch? So? What was the trouble? Didn't the minister get there?"

"Get there? Why, yes! I tell you there wasn't a hitch from beginning to end."

"No hitch! Well, tastes differ. You're too modern for me. I like weddings with a hitch in them. What good is a wedding where nobody's hitched?"





"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. L. DECEMBER 19, 1907 No. 1312

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



THE strongest impression that one gets from inspecting the President's message is that Dr. Roosevelt has begun to wear out his welcome to the American mind. What he says, whether it is good or bad, begins to excite impatience because it is he that says it, and because he says it at inordinate length and has said it so often before.

There are words, phrases and ideas that he has clean worn out by repetition, so that offered again, they no longer induce any action in the intellectuals. The readers of Presidential deliverances feel about him and his discourses as novel readers do about a story-writer who publishes three novels in a year, or as folks complain of feeling about Mr. Benson, who has unloosed within a year or two such a profusion of essay books. It is not so much that the matter is not interesting as that we have had as much of the product of a single mind as, for the time being, we can stand. Quail is a good bird, but a quail a day for thirty days is a sore trial to the strongest digestion. Mr. Roosevelt's thoughts for six years in large and frequent portions have at last begun to overwhelm a popular appetite of prodigious persistence; the existing feeling of satiety being emphasized by the country's recent attack of acute pecuniary indigestion.

Mr. Roosevelt would have done wisely to minimize and condense his message this year, but being interested in what he had to communicate he threw his blue pencil away and poured out in loose profusion the contents of his mind and scrap-

book. The chief immediate, practical result must be relief of the pressure on his own understanding, for no single Congress could more than nibble around the edges of the President's recommendations. There are years of legislative deliberation in them. Nevertheless, the message will be a convenient treasury out of which the makers of the next Republican platform may pick such planks as they may think it expedient to use in their constructive labors.



THERE is timber enough in the message to make extensive alterations in our social edifice. Some of this timber will have to be used some time; or other timber better suited to the purpose. The problem of control of corporations has probably got to be worked out in some fashion; the currency system should be bettered just as soon as satisfactory betterment can be fitted to it; the work of forest preservation should go on; the pay of the Army and Navy should be raised, and much else done that is pressing. But whether we are to have federal control of all corporations, and how far it is to go; whether we must have federal income and inheritance taxes, federal inspection of railroads, federal child-labor laws, federal funds for campaign expenses and the like, are matters that are likely to be extensively pondered before decisive action is taken on them. The time for radical improvement while-you-wait seems for the moment to have passed, and there will still be something to do, or undo, when the next administration begins its innings.

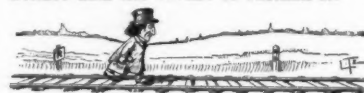


IT REMAINS to be seen whether there is enough instructed talent in the country to devise a currency system which will meet the needs of the country. Everybody recognizes that the present system has serious defects; that money is habitually scarce in the fall when the crops have to be moved, and superabundantly plentiful at other times when the demand for it is less. The problem is to devise a more elastic currency, which can be safely increased when there is

legitimate need of it, and rapidly contracted again when the need passes. We want a system which shall be automatic and under which folks can get at all times, at reasonable cost, such money as their credit warrants without the arbitrary intervention of the Secretary of the Treasury or any other officer of the government. At present, as happened so recently, the Secretary has to use his best judgment as to when and how to give relief. No matter how good his judgment is, it is important that the intervention of it should be minimized.

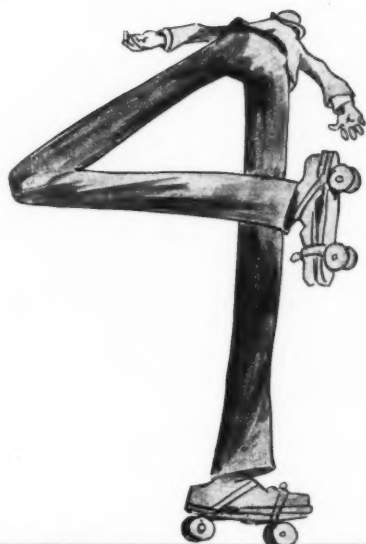
There is no lack of people in the country who are confident that they can improve our present fiscal system, but there is great scarcity of persons whom the country would trust to do it. Even among the recognized experts there are many conflicts of opinion, so that we are told that the eighteen members of Mr. Fowler's Currency and Banking Committee of the House of Representatives have eighteen different currency plans. That the average member of Congress knows nothing about currency systems is one reason why the defects in ours have gone so long unremedied. When the voters have no idea what they want, and Congress doesn't know what to give them, there is apt to be postponement.

Nevertheless, though the country does not know what it wants, it knows that it wants something, and that it is the business of the currency committees of the Senate and the House to furnish it.



THE only Democrat in sight is still Mr. Bryan, but he is far from being an inspiring spectacle to Democratic voters. It would be easy enough to nominate him, but very, very hard to elect him. So the South thinks, and would rather try a new experiment, that would be more interesting, without being any less likely to succeed.

Is the Democratic party to continue to be devoted exclusively to local concerns and cease to have an effectual voice in national matters? It looks mightily like it. Think of its extraordinary appearance in New York State with "Fingy" Connors as its authorized leader, and its chief asset an attorney-general with power to quarter faithful Democrats as receivers upon embarrassed banks!



TWO LEGS THAT SKATE AS FOUR

The Social Sense



A SIGN of the times is the spread of the finer social sense, until as far west as Los Angeles and Seattle there are to be found people willing to mortgage their homes to buy an automobile. Culture is much more pervasive than it used to be before the Hearst newspapers got into their stride. Time was when the styles penetrated but slowly to the provinces. Often a new way of eating with a spoon, or of carrying a plug hat into church, would come and go, in New York, before the interior had got to know that anything was doing. But all that is changed now. Geographical position is no bar to gentility any more. The sun of civilization, which used to rise from Sandy Hook and set in Harlem, now embraces all America with its life-giving beams. Ramsey Benson.

✓ "MAMMA, Santa Claus comes only once a year, doesn't he?"
 "That's all."
 "And God is with us all the time."
 "Yes, dearie."
 "Then why can't we persuade God to come down the chimney every night?"

The Song of Bridge

WITH eyelids heavy and red,
 With cheeks that flush and burn,
 A woman sits in her gladdest rags,
 Playing her cards in turn.
 Bridge, bridge, bridge!
 Daytime and night the same;
 And still with voice at excitement's pitch
 She sings the "Song of the Game!"

"Play, play, play!
 The whole of the evening through;
 Play, play, play!
 'Till the milkman's almost due.
 Morning and noon and night,
 The same thing every day—
 What is it, then, that men call work
 If this be only play?"

"Play, play, play!
 For we must be in the swim!
 Play, play, play!
 Till the cards grow blurred and dim.
 Diamonds, hearts and clubs,
 All in a mist they seem,
 Till when I am Dummy I fall asleep
 And still play on in a dream!"

"O but for one short hour
 To feel as I used to feel,
 When I played my round of golf a day
 And longed for a hearty meal!
 A day on the links I would dearly love,
 But at home I needs must stay,
 For they must have another hand,
 So I play, play, play!"

"O men with sweethearts dear!
 O men with sisters and wives!
 It's not the rubber your playing out,
 But foolish women's lives!
 Nervous, tired and worn,
 Excited, flushed and rash—
 Paying at once a double price
 In health as well as in cash!"

With eyelids heavy and red,
 With cheeks that flush and burn,
 A woman sits in her gladdest rags,
 Playing her cards in turn.
 Bridge, bridge, bridge!
 Winter and summer the same,
 'Till the breakdown comes, as come it will,
 She will make and double and play, and still
 Will sing this "Song of the Game."
 J. W. Merrill.

Appropriate

"WHAT kind of coal do you use in your house?"
 "Pea-coal. You know we are all vegetarians."

Lapland

LAPLAND is situated in the big, easy chair (most any chair, on a pinch) between ten o'clock and midnight.

It is always dark in Lapland, but the darkness is peculiar. You can see all you care to see, and nothing you don't care to see. Everything is *couleur de rose*, moreover.

Lapland is peopled exclusively by yourself and the dearest little woman in the world. There are a great many of her, first and last, but only one at a time. Lapland is the most densely populated country in the world. There is never room for one more.

The climate is salubrious. Heart troubles, especially, are benefited.

The chief product of Lapland is bliss. The output is enormous.

The only industry is taking no thought of the morrow. The introduction of new processes is not encouraged, and the old way of doing things still prevails, very largely.

Panics and hard times are unheard of.

WHEN it comes to admission in the next world, we are all deadheads.



Lady of the House: IF YOU'LL STOP THAT PIPIN' AND SPLIT ME SOME WOOD I'LL FEED YOU.

Pan, the Tramp Musician: YOU WILL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME, LADY; I ONCE TRIED TO CUT WOOD AND I SPLIT MY FOOT.

The Boy President

Or Rollo in the White House

IX

The Chase

THE Boy President was offered a special train in order to go out to the Rockies. There were luxurious cars in which one could sleep, eat, bathe, get shaved and play cards, and yet his hardy spirit led him to scorn such luxury and to ride in the cab of the locomotive with the engineer and fireman, who were both strong union men who looked forward to the time when they could send for their pay by a messenger and collect their wages as a bloated bondholder collects his coupons.

"Do you believe in government ownership of railroads?" asked Rollo of the engineer.

"Well, sir," said the engineer, "I have noticed that government officials are nearer to the millennium than are any other class of laborers, if they may be so styled, but on reflection I have come to the conclusion on the whole I prefer that no statesman should hold my life in his hands."

"But," said Rollo, "the proper antidote to the dangerous and wicked agitation against the men of wealth as such is to secure by proper legislative and executive action the abolition of the grave abuses which actually do obtain in the business use of wealth, under our present system, or, rather, no system, of failure to exercise any adequate control at all."

"I will not be responsible for the running of this locomotive if I have to listen to such sentences as that," said the engineer; "no extra pay, Your Excellency, goes with running this special train, and yet you insist upon riding in the cab with me and talking reformed English; for it must be reformed English, as I cannot understand it."

Rollo appeared not to notice the remark. "We hold," he continued, "that the government should not conduct the business of the nation, but it could exercise such supervision as would ensure its being conducted in the interest of the nation. Our aim is, so far as may be, to secure for all decent, hard-working men equality of opportunity and equality of burden. I think your steam-pressure is rather high, Engineer."

"Oh, very well," said the engineer; "if you don't mind, I would rather have the government run my locomotive entirely than supervise the running of it. So you had better take the throttle yourself."

So Rollo, without a word of reply, took the throttle. Now, there is no greater delight than to be in control of a locomotive under full speed for the first time, and find out by actual experience what are the uses of all those valves and levers, and other attachments, of the complicated machine

upon which we look with such curiosity as we stand near one at a station. This gratifies at once a man's curiosity, it taxes his inventive power, and it stimulates his imagination. It, however, so occupies the mind that even Rollo found that he could no longer frame in his head the resonant sentences which he loved to deliver. So, soon tiring of his task, he handed the machine back to the engineer, remarking at the same time, "I hope to get a grizzly bear this time in the Rockies. One-Eyed Dick, my old friend and brother in arms, formerly the Rocky Mountain Desperado, now my candidate for a very important office, tells me that he has saved the biggest grizzly bear in the Rockies for me, and that I shall have to go to one of the most secluded fastnesses to get at him."

"Ah," said the engineer.

"But I must give the grizzly a square deal," said Rollo.

"I should give it to him in the neck before he knows that you are near him," said the engineer; "all my knowledge of grizzly bears I got in Mayne Reid's novels, and I am informed that they are desperate characters."

"Mayne Reid's stories are corking," said Rollo; "they set my brain afire and my blood a-bounding. Just think, Engineer, what the West was when we were boys: a boundless prairie covered with herds of bison, wandering tribes of Indians, and in the unknown mountains were solitary trappers stealthily pursuing big game. What an entrancing wilderness it was!"

"This machine," tapping the side of the cab, said the engineer, "has changed all that."

"Yes," said Rollo, "a beautiful picture has faded away—



So Rollo . . . took the throttle

the Wonderland which thousands of years developed is ruined; but, thank Heaven! One-Eyed Dick is left to guide me into some one of the unspoiled places."

"I wish I could go with you and tackle a grizzly," said the engineer; "but you folks that have nothing to do don't know your advantages. Whenever the Wild calls you, you can obey; when it calls me, I have to stick close to the machine."

"What do you mean by saying that the President of the United States has nothing to do?" asked Rollo. "Is he not a laboring man as well as you?"

"No," replied the engineer; "I only call a man a laboring man who must work on a time schedule. If you go a-hunting, your wages keep on just the same and are not docked. Now, with us it is very different. Don't you remember the song about big Jim Goff who was blown up by a premature blast, and he was docked for the time he was up in the sky? That is what happens to us laborers on the time schedule:

When pay day next did come around,
Jim's pay a dollar short was found!

"What is the reason? Tell me why?"

"You are docked for the time you were up in the sky!"

"Yes," said Rollo, "that song is more dangerous than the Marsellaise."

"You, Mr. President, can be up in the sky indefinitely without finding a cent less in your envelope on pay day. So, sir, you must allow that you are not strictly a laboring man, no matter if you work nights and Sundays."

"I have always thought that a good definition for a laboring man," said Rollo, "was one who was not permitted to do any work during sixteen hours of the day. Now, as you say, I have to work nights and Sundays, so that, notwithstanding your unpleasant remarks, I have a right to my vacation; the mountains and big game call me, and the vast silence. But, as I said, I propose to give that grizzly a square deal."

The engineer looked at him inquiringly.

"I mean what I say," said Rollo; "I shall not shoot until I see the whites of his eyes."

"He has no whites to his eyes," said the engineer. "I don't think that you have ever seen a grizzly close to, and if you sit there waiting until you see what he hasn't got, this train will go back empty of a first-class passenger, and the country will have a new President."

"I don't think anything could happen to me," said Rollo. "I have always noticed that if I live to the first of May I live during the rest of the year. It is now long past the first of May; but, Engineer, it is told in Mayne Reid's novels that when a man shoots a grizzly, the bullet is apt to glance off the tough carcass; then the hunter always tackles the brute with his bare hands, and after a severe wrestle finishes him with his hunting-knife. It is to such a contest that I look forward—a struggle that will bring out all that is best in me—a noble struggle—worthy to be engaged in."

"Well," said the engineer, "I have never heard any one relate that he has taken part in such a struggle."

"Heroes are always reticent," said Rollo, and the train rolled on.



"I wish to hand you your commission"

L'Envoi

The Boy President and his faithful friend, One-Eyed Dick, were in the secluded home of the bear, standing at the mouth of a cave.

"Before I part with you and crawl into this cave," said Rollo, "I wish to hand you your commission as Marshal of this Territory."

Dick respectfully received the parchment from the President's hand.

"The office has long sought you and now it has found you," remarked Rollo.

"I am glad that it did not find me out," said Dick.

"Now, Dick," said Rollo, "there may be all kinds of things in that cave; I can see from here two green spots of flame in the darkness which might serve to curdle any ordinary man's blood. It may be the grizzly or it may be the vice-president of the Harriman-Rockefeller-Hearst combination, or it may be the president of the Ananias Club—I don't care much who or what it is, I feel fit to tackle any proposition. Wish me luck, old fellow."

Thus saying, the dauntless lad crawled into the cave.

John T. Wheelwright.

THE END



THOSE INTERNATIONAL MATCHES
CLEOPATRA MAKES A HIT WITH MARK ANTONY

Save What Is Left of the Forests



IT IS an interesting house-party that the President has planned to have at the White House on the 13th, 14th and 15th of next May. He has invited the governors of all the States and Territories and all the members of Congress to meet him on those days to confer with him, and with one another, upon the conservation of the natural resources of the United States. That means chiefly tim-

ber and coal, and especially timber, because more can be done by government to protect the forests that are left than can be done as yet for the conservation of coal, iron, oil or anything that is under ground.

We hope the governors will accept the President's invitation, so far as they can, and that the meeting may lead to harmonious and intelligent action. Nothing that President Roosevelt has done will stand more conspicuously to his credit in coming years than the support he has given to efforts to save the American forests. The effort began in President Benjamin Harrison's time, was helped along earnestly by Mr. Cleveland and Mr. McKinley, and has been carried forward with great zeal by the present administration, working with Mr. Gifford Pinchot, the Forester of the Agricultural Department.

The labors of the last fifteen years have resulted in the reservation by the government of 162,000,000 of forest lands (one-fifth of the wooded area of the country), all in States west of the Mississippi. The next Congress will be asked to provide for a great hardwood forest reserve of about 11,000,000 acres in the Eastern States, in the White Mountains and Appalachian Mountains. Some of this land is owned by States, some by individuals. Some must be bought; much can be protected by the cooperation of State and Federal authorities.

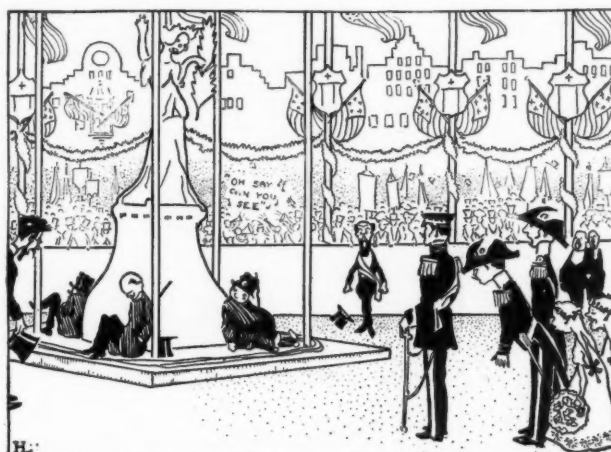
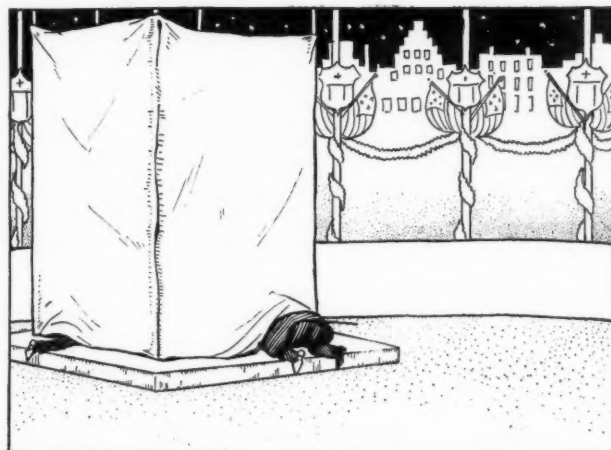
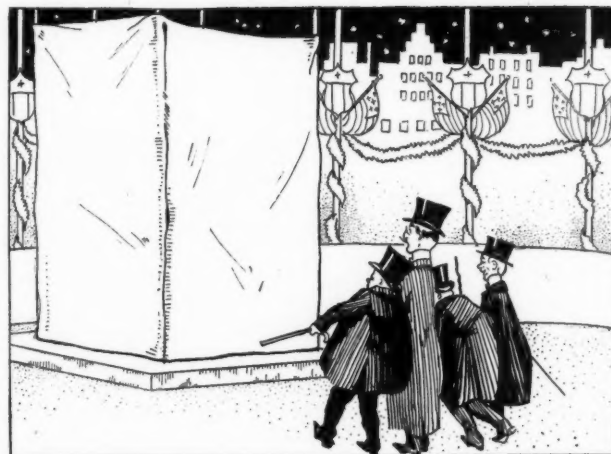
What is necessary is to provide immense tracts of woodlands which will be systematically protected from fire and waste, and made by intelligent use and supervision to yield an annual supply of timber in perpetuity. Incidentally, these great forest tracts are the reservoirs that hold back water, diminish floods, and help the streams and rivers flowing.

Nothing in sight is more important to the future welfare of the country than these great plans of forest reservation. Lumber is very dear now, and the President points out that at the present rate of use and waste our present forests will last not more than twenty-five years. The measures necessary to provide our children and grandchildren with wood and water-power are comparable in importance with those we take to provide them with education.

Mrs. Stevens Exaggerates

PRESIDENT STEVENS, of the W. C. T. U., says that undoubtedly more false statements are made in the endeavor to show that prohibition in Maine is a failure than are made in connection with any other subject in any locality on the face of the globe.

Tut, tut! We guess Mrs. Stevens has not heard all the statements made in the locality at the southern extremity of Manhattan Island to show that President Roosevelt was the exclusive author of the recent panic.



UNVEILING THE STATUE

Gift Books

MR. ANDREW LANG has been indulging in some remarks of a satiric nature concerning those volumes of "Selections" which, at this happy season, may be found on every bookseller's counter. He insists that he cannot understand how, when there is obviously no money to be made in writing or in publishing "minor poetry," there can be any profit in collecting and republishing selections from the minor poets; especially as the specimens selected "resemble those parts of the dead sheep or pig which, as Dickens says, 'the animal, when alive, had least cause to pride himself upon.'"

What Mr. Lang fails to take into consideration is that in minor poetry, as in minor oratory, the part is better than the whole. Any one who has had experience in public speaking knows that four dull speakers, filling fifteen minutes each, are easier to bear than one dull speaker for an hour. In the first place, there is the element of hope, which buoys the audience up until the fourth speaker is under way. In the second place, variety is a palliative even of dullness—and of folly. Charles Greville, who had had ample experience, used to praise a dinner party of fools—there was such wide differentiation in their folly. It is certainly better than dining with a solitary fool.

For this, or for some other reason, volumes of "Selections" do reach their public. Little books of "Wit and Wisdom," culled from writers whom we had esteemed innocent of both attributes, are purchased eagerly. We are apt to find them in our friend's guest-room, which is



A WOODEN SPOON



"FREE LUNCH" IN THE NEAR FUTURE

always the asylum for unreadable literature. Birthday books enjoy a perennial sale, and deepen one's natural regret at being born. Collections of epigrams, of "reflections," of "seasonable quotations" and twentieth century sonnets are sure of a welcome. "Lyrics of the Roadway," "Gems of Correspondence," "Famous Thoughts of Famous People"—any nicely bound volume of scraps—will probably be bought by that large class of shoppers whom Mr. Lang has forgotten to take into account—people who are

purchasing books to give their unresisting friends at Christmas time.

Agnes Repplier.

THE PROFESSOR: I want you children to go to my lecture to-night.

ROBERT: Couldn't you whip us instead, just this once, papa?

A MAN often thinks he is teaching a girl how to kiss, when she is taking a post-graduate course.

· LIFE ·



THE LOVE THAT PASSETH ALL UN

LIFE.



T PASSETH ALL UNDERSTANDING



In the Days of the Late Unpleasantness



MISS CHARLOTTE WALKER AS *Agatha*, IN
"THE WARRENS OF VIRGINIA"

AGAIN it is David Belasco. This time his name does not appear as part author, the distinction of sole authorship of "The Warrens of Virginia" being accorded to Mr. William C. de Mille, a son of the de Mille who was associated with Mr. Belasco in many successes at the old Lyceum. It is impossible to determine from an orchestra chair just where Mr. de Mille leaves off and Mr. Belasco begins in the present case. Giving Mr. de Mille all the credit that the playwright usually demands, it is evident that his play would have fallen into the category of the not unusual had it been presented without the easily recognizable Belascan touches. "The Warrens of Virginia" is a war drama without a battle scene. The Civil War furnishes only the side-lights on the usual war drama theme

"I could not love thee, dear, so much
Lov'd I not honour more."

Mr. de Mille has supplied ingenious complications, sufficiently thrilling situations and a credible, well-woven story. Too much detail at times robs it of the simplicity that goes with dramatic strength, but it is an effort that a rising dramatist need not be

ashamed of and in which the public is likely to find a wholesome interest.

Mr. Belasco gives it distinction by two stage settings of especial beauty and an interior which must warm the cockles of the heart of every Virginian an exile from his home State. The expert hand is also evident in novel arrangements of the stage and in bits of business that continually heighten the conventional into realism.

THE principal characters are the young Virginia girl *Agatha*, in love with a young Northern officer, and her father, *General "Buck" Warren*, in command of the Confederate forces against which the lover is serving. Miss Charlotte Walker is the girl and in all but the climax of the play is entirely sufficient in her charming personality, in the sweet Virginia drawl and the coy girlishness of the character. In the moment of strong emotion, when she believes her lover has used her love for him to further his mission as a Union soldier, her voice becomes too completely metallic—not that even the sweetest would not harden so some degree under such stress—her Virginia pronunciation disappears utterly, and we have her pounding on a door with her clenched fists raised high above her head. This stage trick goes back at least to the *Fedora* days of the late Fanny Davenport and seems rather unworthy of Miss Walker and the originality of Mr. Belasco. That very good actor, Mr. Frank Keenan, admirable in the depiction of the sternness, the geniality, the fighting spirit and the exaggerated

gentility of the Virginia gentleman, is permitted to act just a little bit too much, to hang on and nurse his points, well conceived though they may be, to the extent that his delays get on the nerves of the auditor. The subordinate parts are cast with the wisdom of selection that Mr. Belasco always displays and every one of them adds its greater or less contribution to the faithfulness of the picture.

"The Warrens of Virginia" may not rank among David Belasco's major accomplishments, but he and Mr. de Mille have given us a pleasing play delightfully presented.

* * *

IF HALF the persons in New York, who complain that there is nothing on the New York stage that is worth seeing, had each gone once to see Ermete Novelli during his two weeks' engagement just closed, this town would have been free of the reproach marked by the empty orchestra chairs at most of his performances. The galleries were sufficiently patronized by his fellow-countrymen, but those empty chairs were a pretty fair evidence of what New Yorkers really care for the art of acting. To be sure, Novelli is an Italian and the plays were in his native tongue, but several of them were English classics which could be followed without the aid of a libretto. In the others his art and that of his company was such that with the aid of the synopsis of the plot none but the stupid or those too lazy to pay attention could fail to understand the greater part of what was sought to be conveyed.

In New York's theatre-going there is no pronounced evidence that the supposedly hard times have had, so far, any great influence, so the neglect of this great artist can not truthfully be put on that ground. Let's be honest and own up that New Yorkers do not care for art for art's sake. Novelli made the great mistake of relying on his ability and his reputation abroad. He should have made himself a fad.

* * *

MR. HENRY MILLER comes out in a card taking all the blame for the production of "The Lancers" with Mr. Lawrence D'Orsay and Cecilia Loftus in the principal parts. It's a broad responsibility he assumes, for it is impossible to imagine by what vagary of the managerial mind it was conceived that there could be any necessity to put such a performance on a New York stage, especially on the boards of Daly's. Here in former days, as "The Passing Regiment," with real actors and its wit not entirely destroyed, it had been enjoyed by thousands. With faint exceptions everything in "The Lancers" was bad and badly done.

Mr. Miller as our only actor-manager has by this curious and lamentable achievement given a serious blow to any faith we might have in that combination of functions.

Metcalfe.



*Life's Confidential Guide
to the Theatres*

Academy of Music—"The Lion and the Mouse." Interesting drama of our own times and business conditions.

Astor—"Tom Jones." Delightful music of the Victorian English school with the classic novel as a basis for the libretto.

Belasco—"The Warrens of Virginia." See above.

Berkeley Lyceum—Mr. Arnold Daly and company in Mr. George Bernard Shaw's satirical comedy "Candida."



MR. KEENAN AS *Col. Buck Warren*, OF VIRGINIA



Binks (the morning after): I'LL SOON FIND OUT WHETHER THAT'S AN IMAGINARY RAT OR NOT

Bijou—Mme. Nazimova in Ibsen's "The Doll's House." The interesting eccentricities of the Norwegian dramatist and the Russian actress.

Casino—"The Gay White Way." Music, girls and imitations. Diverting.

Criterion—"The Morals of Marcus." Light but interesting comedy with excellent acting by Mr. Aubrey Smith and Marie Doro.

Daly's—Mr. Lawrence D'Orsay and Cecilia Loftus in "The Lancers," at present writing. See opposite.

Empire—Last week of "My Wife," with Mr. John Drew and a very good cast. Amusing French comedy.

Hackett—Mr. John Mason in "The Witching Hour." A most interesting play very well acted.

Herald Square—"The Girl Behind the Counter." Mr. Lew Fields and good company in frothy but funny musical piece.

Hippodrome—"The Auto Race" and "The Four Seasons." Ballet and spectacle. Gorgeoussness, glitter and grandeur.

Keith and Proctor's Theatres—Vaudeville and revivals of former dramatic successes.

Lincoln Square—Aborn Opera Company in "The Chimes of Normandy."

Lyric—Mr. Channing Pollock's "The Secret Orchard." Notice later.

Majestic—"The Top o' th' World." Good Christmas extravaganza. Musical and funny.

Manhattan Opera House—Grand Opera under the direction of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein.

Stuyvesant—"A Grand Army Man." Delightful study of life in interior America with Mr. David Warfield as artistic interpreter.

Weber's—"Hip! Hip! Hooray!" Burlesque, music and girls. Excellent relief for the tired business man.

West End—Changing bill of dramatic attractions.

Bounders and Rounders

THE whole country has been hurling brickbats at New York on account of the bad conduct of Wall Street. An unexpected champion of New York's good-heartedness is found in Montreal. The basis of the Montreal man's praise of New York's social side is a local newspaper's review of "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," in which occur the following statements:

The New York of Miss Warner's conception is not the New York of blatant boulderism set before us in the comedies of young Cohan, but an aggregation of nice people whose chief characteristic is their scientific ability to have a good time themselves and to provide one for others. Incidentally, we believe it to be quite as accurate as Mr. Cohan's and a great deal nicer. If New York cares to see itself presented in a decent and optimistic light, this play should be certain of a long and successful run.

Commenting on this our Montreal champion says: "Judging from past criticisms

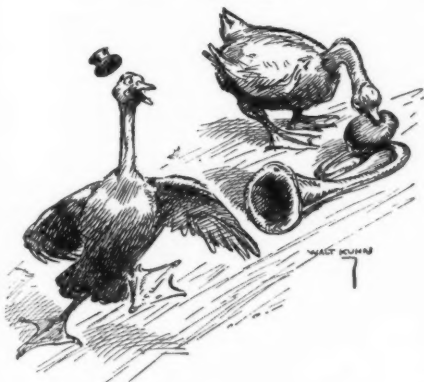
appearing in LIFE your opinion considerably coincides with that of the critic here as to certain comedies depicting the manners of the people of New York. If the writer did not know some New York people personally he would long ago have come to the conclusion that the men of that big city were a bunch of bounders and rounders. It is, therefore, a good thing once in a while to have a comedy like "Aunt Mary" come to dispel the incorrect impression which provincials may have who have never visited New York."

Quite as remarkable as that any one outside should give us New Yorkers credit for being anything but a collection of Wall Street sharks, is it that any one, anywhere, should take the stage creations of Mr. George M. Cohan as representing anything but the delirious fancies of a mind saturated with Tenderloin standards and Tenderloin ideals.

In spite of Wall Street's bad behavior and Mr. Cohan's vulgarities, our Montreal friend is entirely right to remain firm in his belief that New York still contains quite a few persons who are honest in money matters and refined and decent in their manners and conduct.



"THE GIFTS OF THE GODS"



Mr. Goose: GREAT SCOTT! THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE VOICE OF MY MOTHER-IN-LAW!



BETTINA, Baroness von Hutten, seems loath to quite lose the support of her good friend Pam. The young lady who plays the part of heroine in her new story, *The Halo*, is a friend of Pam's and Pam herself chaperones the progress of the tale. The book, while it has just enough of the characteristic charm of its author's understanding of the nonconforming temperament to make it agreeable reading, nevertheless suggests that the baroness has been at some pains to imitate herself. Moreover, the narrative has been touched up, here and there, with a *soupeon* of the melodramatic, very much as complexions are said to be enhanced occasionally with a trace of boughten pigment. One hopes that it is not for the same reason.

Among the lesser fictions of the moment, Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's novel, *The New Missioner*, is one with an attractive and somewhat exceptional personality of its own. At first one is inclined to feel that it is a collection of short-story and anecdotal material, masquerading as a novel by virtue of identity of persons and of place. But one soon perceives a hint of intention in this apparently unmethodic construction and, at the close of a distinctly entertaining volume, one finds oneself in possession of an unlooked for and effective synthetic study of individual development.

Mr. David Homer Bates, one of the cipher operators and manager of the Washington War Department military telegraph office from 1861 to 1865, publishes his reminiscences in a volume called *Lincoln in the Telegraph Office*. The book, while interesting in an intermittent and desultory way, is disappointing with reference to its title. Most of us know a good deal about Lincoln and very little about the military telegraph system of the civil war. Mr. Bates lightens our ignorance on the latter point without adding anything to our knowledge on the former. Decidedly, he would have done better to have led from his long suit.

Just how Mr. A. C. Benson manages to write so many autobiographies of non-existent individuals, exhibiting so many aspects of the anatomy of melancholy, and each suggesting so leisurely a phase of self-communion, is something of a mystery. *The Altar Fire* is a new one which, in an eminently modern and thoroughly Bensonian fashion, is a contemporary version of the book of Job. Like most of these studies by this student of resignation, the book voices with a certain beauty and simplicity the questionings of an unacademic philosophy and the answers of an equally unacademic metaphysic.

Dorothy Canfield's story of a Norwegian-American episode, *Gunhilde*, is one of the tales that explain the popular ill repute, as opposed to the imagined "artistic character" of unhappy endings. The tale concerns the love affairs of some American tourists in loneliest Norway and ends, logically enough, with every one at sixes and sevens. But having admitted us to no fellowship with the foolish and the unfortunate, it leaves us

with neither quickened sympathies nor readier understanding for them. It is a book to which we may well say, flippantly, "We have troubles of our own, why tell us yours?"

The Natural History of the Ten Commandments is a little volume of nature-faked ethics, by Ernest Thompson Seton. The author attempts to prove that the decalogue is an expression, not of arbitrary laws, but of fundamental instincts, unconsciously obeyed by all the higher animals. The idea is seductive. It almost sounds like an axiom. It looks as though it would eat out of one's hand. But when Mr. Seton tries to ride it, it bucks like a bronco.

The Old Peabody Pew, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, is a Christmas romance and so, like a Christmas plum pudding, is quite properly all sweet, and suetty, and raisiney, and meant to be enjoyed by those of unspoiled ideals and digestions, in whom a lively consciousness of the season and of love precludes all disturbing concern about future realism.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Halo, by Bettina von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)
The New Missioner, by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow. (The McClure Company.)
Lincoln in the Telegraph Office, by David Homer Bates. (The Century Company. \$2.00.)
The Altar Fire, by A. C. Benson. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
Gunhilde, by Dorothy Canfield. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.50.)
The Natural History of the Ten Commandments, by Ernest Thompson Seton. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
The Old Peabody Pew, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company.)

At the Savings Bank

MRS. NEWLYWED: I want to draw out twenty dollars, please. Five dollars for a pair of shoes, four dollars for theatre tickets, ten dollars to give my girl on account, and"—

CASHIER: Sorry, madam, but while you've been talking the bank has stopped payment.

WANTED—By a great and proud people, a cheap substitute for wealth, to roll in temporarily.



THE MAN WHO PUTS ASHES ON THE SIDEWALK—A DIFFERENCE OF A PINION

Labor-Saving



WE SOW the wind much as our forefathers did, but when it comes to reaping the whirlwind, we of this age of deft contrivance have various devices for saving labor and trouble.

The corporation is one of these. By the original order of creation, a man had to reap precisely as he sowed, but, of course, that would never do if the world was to get forward in a substantial sense. Hence the corporation, which cleverly does away with the difficulty of personal responsibility, the most considerable obstacle, perhaps, in the way of human enterprise in its higher reaches.

The corporation permits enormously more wind to be sown than was possible with the crude harvesting methods which formerly prevailed. *Ramsey Benson.*



THE BIGGEST EVENT OF THE SEASON

A Ballad of Poverty

(A Lover to His Mistress)



DEAREST, you may remember how, last year,
We whiled away our time at some resort;
Beneath the sun's warm rays I sought to cheer
Your lonely maiden heart with simple sport;
And how, my pockets bulging out with cash,
We cut together such a fearful dash?

Oh, was it not a very pleasant thing
Near some expensive caravansari,
Discreetly screened from public view, to ring
The changes on each sweet responsive sigh?
And surely, neither of us made demur
To think the cost each day was just ten per.

In winter, when the air is getting chill
It's always been the thing for us to do;
And hand in hand we've wandered south, until
We've found a place just mild enough for two.
And hitherto, when I have snatched a kiss,
No railroad fare has ruffled this great bliss.

But now that we're obliged to stay in town
(Compliant with the market's recent drop),
To love you ardently in last year's gown
(While we discuss quite publicly—a chop),
Would be a penitential thing to do
If my own clothes were not quite shiny, too.

And I confess it's rather hard to find
Some place beyond the city's awful roar,
Where we can be alone. I'm quite resigned
To being economical. Nay, more,
The cold damp air not once has made me wheeze!
But where in secret can I kiss you, please?

We've tried it riding on a public 'bus,
But somehow, as I'm sure you'll understand,
To see the people stare and make a fuss
Because forgetfully I hold your hand,
And nudge each other as they slyly wink,
Is really disconcerting, don't you think?

We might, of course, stroll off into the park,
Sit on the benches while the shadows creep;
But somehow love like this has not a spark
Of sentiment when it's so very cheap.
Besides, to be quite candid, in the gloom
Each bench is full—there's hardly elbow room.

Once it occurred to me that I would save
My money up, and in a day quite drab,
Chilly and damp, I'd loosen up and rave
Of love within a taximeter cab—
And yet, my love I'm sure would turn quite sour,
My dearest girl, at all that cash per hour.

The truth is, it's a puzzle what to do—
We can't afford to leave for parts remote;
Our love is now the café kind—though true—
Resembling more and more a table d'hôte,
Where noise and pretense mingle side by side
And hope and nourishment do not abide.

So thus by Fate we're driven both along;
To pangs of love and poverty a prey:
And thus we snuggle up amid the throng,
Our credit lower than our feet of clay.
The cure is—to get married—oh, but how?
We can't afford *that* luxury—just now!

Thomas L. Masson.



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

AMERICAN WEATHER

An American and a Scotsman were discussing the cold experienced in winter in the north of Scotland, says a Glasgow paper.

"Why, it's nothing at all compared to the cold we have in the States," said the American. "I can recollect one winter when a sheep, jumping from a hillock into a field, became suddenly frozen on the way, and stuck in the air like a mass of ice."

"But, man," exclaimed the Scotsman, "the law of gravity wouldn't allow that."

"We don't do things by halves at home," replied the tale-pitcher. "The law of gravity was frozen, too!"—*Democratic Telegram*.

THE DAY OF THE LITTLE FELLOW

Before the panic struck us,
When all were coining gold,
They said he was a piker
And gave him welcome cold.
But at this troublous season
When he goes on the Street
A different reception
He probably will meet.

It's "Howdy, Mr. Oddlot,
Just kindly step this way,
And would you like to purchase
Two shares of stock to-day?"

Then Uncle Sam was also
Inclined to hold afar
And bargain with the bankers
For prices over par.
He did not take the trouble
To have his bonds arranged
To suit the modest buyer,
But now all that is changed.

It's "Howdy, Mr. Smallfry,
You look quite well, I see,
And have you fifty dollars
You care to lend to me?"
—*McLanburgh Wilson in the New York Sun*.

BURGLAR (rousing the sleeping head of the family): Don't move or I'll shoot! What's your money hid?

HEAD OF THE FAMILY (struck by a bright thought): It's in the pocket of my wife's dress.

"That's all right. I'll just take the dress. Thanks."—*Chicago Tribune*.

CONSOLATION

"Steward, how long will it be before we get into the harbor?"
"About an hour and a half, ma'am."
"Oh, dear, I shall die before then."
"Very likely, ma'am. But you'll be all right again when you've been on shore ten minutes."—*Marine Journal*.

WHEN the first fire company, in response to an alarm, reached the long row of tenements, the fire captain at once jumped from his engine and endeavored to locate the fire. When he had ineffectually hunted through three or four structures for it, he descried an old woman sticking her head out of a window of the topmost floor of an eight-story tenement, a little farther up the street. "Any fire up there?" he yelled, when he had reached the pavement beneath this building. In answer the old woman motioned for him to come up. Accordingly, the captain, with his men lugging their heavy hose behind them, laboriously ascended the eight flights and burst into the room where the old woman was. "Where's the fire?" demanded the captain, when no fire nor smoke became visible. "Oh, there ain't none here," replied the old woman, flashing an ear-trumpet. "I asked y' up 'cause I couldn't hear a word you said 'way down there."—*Bohemian*.

DID you ever notice how a piper prances up and down as he pipes? He never sits, he never stands still, but up and down, round and round, to and fro, he struts continually. A little boy, listening to the weird skirl of the bagpipes of a street performer, once said to his father: "Father, why does the piper keep on the move all the time he plays?" "I can't say, my boy," the father answered, "unless it is to prevent any one getting the range with a cobblestone."—*Washington Herald*.



Kind Old Gentleman: I HOPE YOU GO TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL REGULARLY, LITTLE BOY.

Any Kind of a Boy: OH, YES, SIR; REGULARLY EVERY YEAR. THE TWO SUNDAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

ANOTHER HERO

"Were you frightened during the battle, Pat?"

"Not a bit, sor. Oi kin face most anything whin Oi have me back to it."—*Circle*.

"WE HAVE received the following spicy analysis of British civilizing procedures in Africa, from a young Egyptian from Tanta, who shows dramatic aptitudes. The title of his communication is:

A TRAGEDY IN SIX ACTS

Act 1—The Missionary.

Act 2—Whisky and Pale Ale.

Act 3—The Maxim Gun.

Act 4—A Newspaper.

Act 5—Cricket and Football.

Act 6—Death of the Last Aborigine.

Finis—Band plays "Rule Britannia."—*The Egyptian Standard*.

PROVED

(A distinguished French physician has announced, as the result of his observation of our national characteristics, that Americans are coming to look alike.—*Daily Newspaper*.)

You don't believe it? Well, it's true,
As I will shortly prove to you,
By taking you about the place
And showing you face after face.

Come on, and I will show you first
Charles Evans Hughes and Willie Hearst;
As like are they as twin-born peas,
As any blind man plainly sees.

Next look at Chauncey M. Depew,
And tell me, is he Kyrie Bellew
Or Mr. Fairbanks? On my heart,
I cannot tell the three apart!

Then there is also Mr. Taft—
Just look him over, fore and aft,
And tell me if 'tis really he
Or Colonel William Jennings B.?

Amongst the ladies, look around:
What marked resemblances are found
'Twillix Carrie Nation, fond and fair,
And Nazimova debonair.

And when Maude Adams comes along
With Nordica, the Queen of Song,
Pray tell me quickly, if you can,
Which one of them is Peter Pan?

And so it goes right down the line.
There's Anna Held and Hammerstein;
And Reverend Charles T. Parkhurst, too,
The replica of Johnny Drew.

And dear old Andy Carnegie,
Who looks so very much like me,
That beggars stop me by the score
To ask me for a Dinosaur.

—*Harper's Weekly*.

AN UNCERTAIN JOB

Michael Callahan, a section boss for the Southern Railroad in the little town of Ludlow, Kentucky, has a keen Gaelic wit. One warm afternoon, while walking along the railroad tracks, he found a section hand placidly sleeping beside the rails. Callahan looked disgustedly at the delinquent for a full minute and then remarked:

"Slape on, ye lazy spalpeen, slape on, fur as long as you slape you've got a job, but when you wake up you ain't got none."—*Lippincott's*.

FOREWARNING

"John, do you love me?"

"Yes."

"Do you adore me?"

"I s'pose."

"Will you always love me?"

"Ye—look here, woman, what have you been and gone and ordered sent home now?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

IN REPLY to a correspondent, the Boston *Pilot* explains the old English toast, "Here's to the three B's and the H." The three B's are bread, beer and bed; the H. stands for Heaven. The full toast is:

"Here's to the three B's and the H:

Bread when we're hungry,

Beer when we're dry,

Bed when we're weary,

And Heaven when we die."

They are said to be used chiefly in Sussex.—*Buffalo Commercial*.

THE POINT OF VIEW

The countess has gone on her first shooting-trip and stops at the gamekeepers' house for the night.

"I have never heard the nighingales sing so loud," she remarked.

"You can easily quiet them, my lady; I have put a bootjack or two by your ladyship's bedside."—*Jugend (Munich)*.

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

OFF IN THE STILLY

Off in the stilly night,
When nightmares prance around me
And shadowy shapes delight
In coming in to hound me,
I think of stocks I bought
When things were looking brighter,
Before our money got
To getting tight and tighter;
The smiles, the tears of boyhood's years,
Ah, let them go to thunder!
Each day a new low mark appears,
When will it end, I wonder?

—Chicago Record-Herald.

As to Round the World travel—

An exclusive atmosphere is assured guests of
THE COLLYER TOURS COMPANY, HERKELEY BUILDING, BOSTON

INGRATITUDE

It was midnight, and a drizzle was falling steadily. A man shuffled along Oxford Street, Manchester, England, hugging the walls for shelter. Presently he spoke to a passer-by:

"Could you give me a copper, sir, toward my night's lodgings?"

"How much have you got already?"

"Twopence, sir; and if I had another twopence"—

"You can get a comfortable bed in a warm room at the Salvation Army shelter in Shepstone Street for twopence."

"Salvation Army?" This with a decided sniff. "Thank you, sir, I haven't come to that yet!"

It was an experience which recalls General Booth's story of the drunken woman who was carried into a Salvation Army shelter. When she recovered consciousness and was told where she was, she exclaimed in horror-stricken tones:

"Salvation Army! Goodness gracious, I must get out of this, or I shall lose my reputation!"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

To break in new shoes, always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder, then patent leather can't crack.

LEGAL TENDER

The Willamette Heights citizen handed the conductor of the car a \$5 clearing house certificate.

"What's that?" asked the man behind the bell cord.

"That's a clearing house certificate, the new kind of Portland money," said the W. H. citizen.

"Is it good?" asked the lord of the punch.

"Sure it's good. Paper money goes these days."

"All right, old man," and the conductor immediately handed the passenger \$4.95 worth of transfers.—Portland Oregonian.

BENJAMIN CONSTANT, having sided with Napoleon during the Hundred Days, felt the need of justifying himself when Louis XVIII returned to power. He wrote the king a letter with that end in view, and called upon Madame Récamier to discuss the subject. She asked him quietly: "Have you finished your letter?" "Yes." "Are you satisfied with it?" "Entirely satisfied. I have almost persuaded myself."—Bellman.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—Booklet.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION

A notable wit of the English bench, Lord Bramwell, was once sitting in a case where an apparently fashionable woman was accused of shoplifting.

"My lord, my client is not a common thief," urged the barrister for the defense; "she is suffering from kleptomania."

"That is exactly the disease I am here to cure," replied Lord Bramwell, blandly.—Circle.

FROM an Eastern city comes a sad story of a pawnbroker. He was enjoying a beauty sleep when a furious knocking at the street door brought him to the window with a jerk. "What's the matter?" he shouted. "Come down," demanded the knocker. "But"—"Come down!" The man of many nephews hastened downstairs and peeped around the door. "Now, sir?" he demanded. "I wan'sh know the time," said the reveler. "Do you mean to say you knocked me up for that? How dare you?" The midnight visitor looked injured. "Well, you've got my watch," he said.—Argonaut.

Nobody likes to Bridge-it; everybody likes to "Rad-Bridge" it.

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"THE WATER OVER IN THE BROOK IS MUCH BETTER—IT HAS BUGS IN IT."

A Sly Hit

"HENRY JAMES," said a publisher, "lives at Rye, one of England's cinq portes, but recently he left Rye for a time and took a house in the country near the estate of a millionaire jam manufacturer, retired. This man, having married an earl's daughter, was ashamed of the trade whereby he had piled up his fortune.

"The jam manufacturer one day wrote Mr. James an impudent letter, vowing that it was outrageous the way the James servants were trespassing on his grounds. Mr. James wrote back:

"Dear Sir: I am very sorry to hear that my servants have been poaching on your preserves.

"P. S.—Excuse my mentioning your preserves."—*Washington Star*.

Good News

AN AMUSING story is told at the expense of a prominent Baltimore lawyer, who, like most young attorneys, got his first case by assignment from the bench. His client had been indicted for murder, and his conviction was a foregone conclusion, as his guilt was unquestionable.

The result of the trial was a sentence to be hanged; but the man made an appeal to the Governor for a pardon, and was anxiously awaiting a reply thereto when his lawyer visited him in his cell.

"I got good news for you—very good news!" the young lawyer said, grasping the man's hand.

"Did the Governor— Is it a pardon?" the man exclaimed, joyously.

"Well—no. The fact is the Governor refuses to interfere. But an uncle of yours has died and left you two hundred dollars, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that your lawyer got paid, you know," was the comforting explanation.—*Harper's Weekly*.

A STORY is told of Marshal Lefebvre, Duke of Dantzic, that favorite of Napoleon, which illustrates his own consciousness of the qualities that had made him what he was. He was vexed at the tone of envy and unkindness with which a companion of his childhood, who met him in his prosperity, spoke of his riches, titles and luxury, and said in reply: "Well, now you shall have it all, but at the price which I have paid for it. We will go into the garden, and I will fire a musket at you sixty times, and then if you are not killed everything shall be yours."—*Argonaut*.

No Antiques

"DID Louise get the antiques she wanted?" "No. Her house is most comfortably furnished."—*Woman's Home Companion*.

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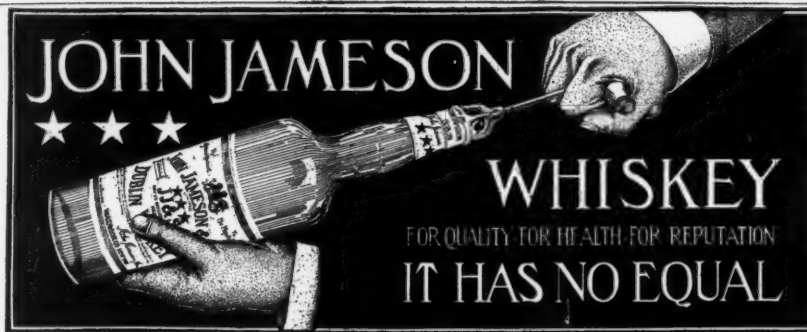
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The Sonnets of H. W. Longfellow. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston. \$0.75.)
Greece and the Aegean Islands, by Philip S. Madden. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston. \$3.00.)
Memoirs of Monsieur Claude, translated by Katherine P. Wormeley. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston. \$4.00.)
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Bohemia in London, by Arthur Ransome. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)
J. Archibald McKackney: Collector of Whiskers. (The Outing Publishing Company. \$1.25.)
A Vers de Société Anthology, by Carolyn Wells. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.)
Henrik Ibsen's Collected Plays: Little Eyolf; John Gabriel Borkman; When We Dead Awaken. (Charles Scribner's Sons. Vol. XI. \$1.00.)
The Broken Road, by A. E. W. Mason. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
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The Amateur Chauffeur

WILLIAM H. HOTCHKISS, one of the directors of the American Automobile Association, said the other day in Buffalo:

"I believe that a man, to love automobilizing thoroughly, must know all about his car—how to run it, how to clean it, how to repair it, how to take it apart.

"A friend of mine owns a small car. He has no chauffeur, and every time he goes out a breakdown occurs. No wonder.

"He said to me the other day:

"I took my runabout all apart yesterday."

"Did you?" said I; and, knowing his impracticability, I added, seriously: "Well, when you do that, you must always be careful not to lose any of the parts."

"Not to lose any of them?" said he. "No fear. Why, when I put that machine together again yesterday, I had nearly two dozen pieces left over."—*Washington Star*.

The Far Limit

THE lawyer said sadly to his wife on his return home one night: "People seem very suspicious of me. You know old Jones? Well, I did some work for him last month, and when he asked me for the bill this morning, I told him out of friendship that I wouldn't charge him anything. He thanked me cordially, but said he'd like a receipt."—*National Farmer*.

He Had

NERVOUS LADY PASSENGER (to deck hand): Have you ever seen any worse weather than this, Mister Sailor?

DECK HAND: Take a word from an old salt, mum: the weather's never very bad while there's any females on deck a-making hinquies about it.—*London Tit-Bits*.



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A NEAR CUT

"OH MY! IT DON'T SEEM HALF SO FAR OVER TO MRS. SNAPPER'S SINCE I GOT MY NEW GLASSES."

A Little Anxious

A PHYSICIAN writes to the *London Spectator* that he was recently attending a patient whose husband came to see him concerning her condition, and greeted him with the words, "Mr. Irving, do you think there is any need for any unnecessary anxiety about my wife?"—*Woman's Home Companion*.

No Longer an Apprentice

LADY (to blind beggar): Where's the boy who used to lead you 'round, my poor man?

BEGGAR: Oh, he's gone into business on his own account.—*Meggendorfer Blaetter*.

Useful Fat

A REPORTER was congratulating Mr. Marconi, at Sydney, N. S., upon his success with transatlantic wireless telegraphy.

"But, sir," said the reporter, "they tell me you are working so hard that you only sleep four hours a night?"

"Yes, that is true," said the inventor.

"No wonder you are getting thin," the reporter observed. "You are growing famous, to be sure, but at what a price of flesh!"

"I am not like the Italian admiral, Libertini, then," said Mr. Marconi, laughing. "Libertini," he went on, "had won many battles and great renown, and at a ball given in his honor one lady said to another:

"But how frightfully fat our dear admiral is getting."

"Yes, said the second lady. 'Isn't it fortunate? Otherwise he wouldn't be able to wear all his medals.'"—*Washington Star*.

"I WANT you to write me a play."

"What sort of a play?"

"Well, we have seventeen specialties. Get me up enough stuff to wedge 'em apart."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

SOPHOMORE (groaning over his Greek lesson): Oh, why didn't Homer reserve translation rights! —Translated for Transatlantic Tales from *Fliegende Blaetter*.

LIFE regrets that the words "Purveyors to H. M. the German Emperor and King of Prussia" were omitted from the advertisement of J. W. Wuppermann's Angostura Bitters in the Thanksgiving Number.



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"Hope Springs Eternal in the Human Breast"

This has been selected for our subscription premium picture this season. This won the double prize in our recent "Quotation Contest," open to the world's best artists. Twelve prizes of \$250 each were offered for illustrations of familiar quotations, the best of these twelve to receive a further prize of \$500, making \$750 in all. Mr. Malcolm Stewart received the double prize for his illustration of the above quotation.

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A room without pictures is like a room without windows.—RUSKIN

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Are closest linked
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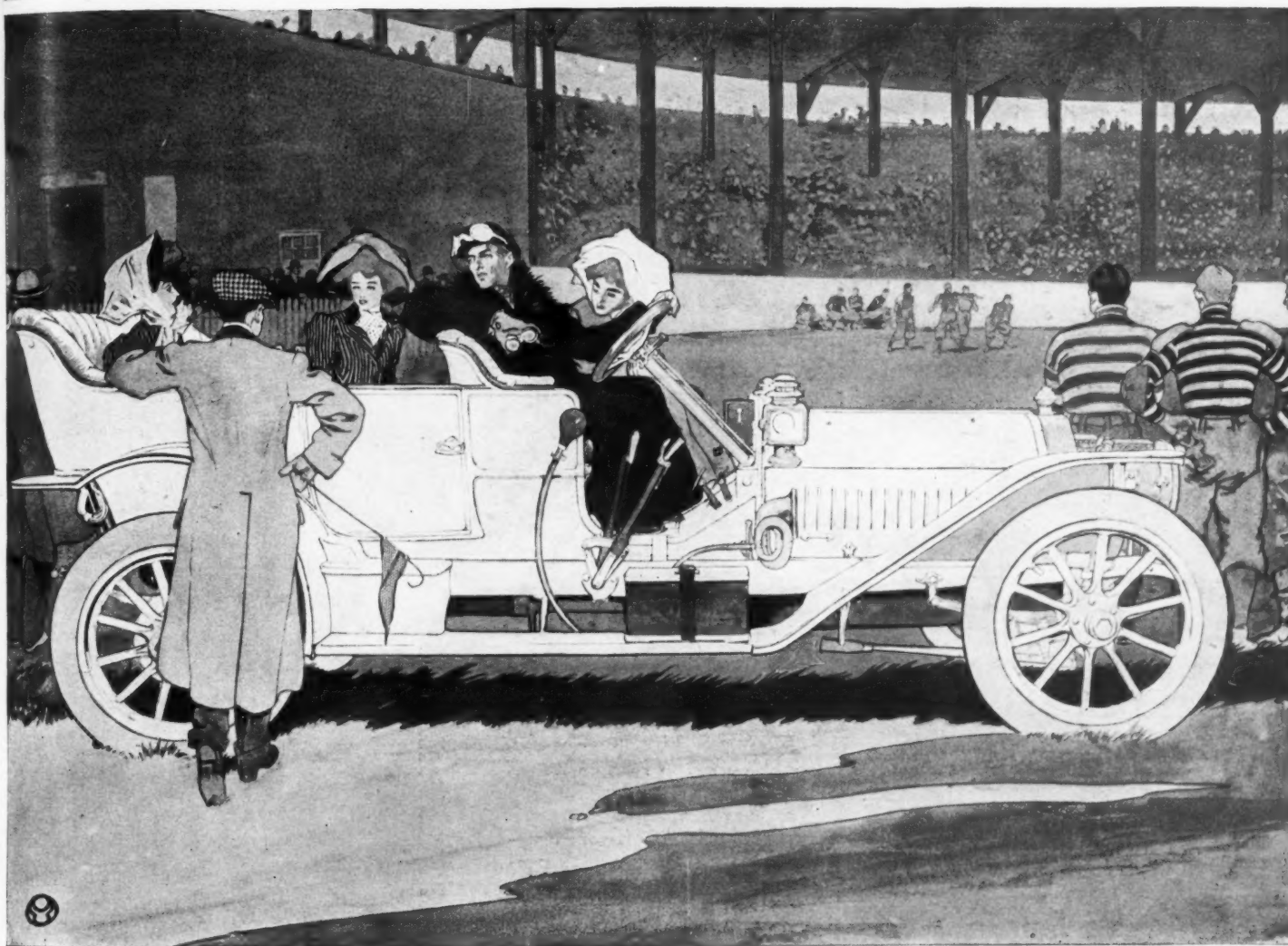
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